

Getaway Steno Elopes With Official

Radio Appeals Net Fifteen Dollars - Chinese Shares Soar

Floozy Queen Found in Love-Nest—Refuses to Swim Channel—Cites Emrys M. Jones as Co-Respondent

Splashing through puddles of fresh blood, some time between 2:03 and 2:05 a.m. today, officials of the city police force and Freshmen Committee ran the desperadoes to earth at the local slaughter-house. Both were out of breath, having run the gamut of the emotions. The assistant treasurer of the Union was wearing a quiet grey check suit when apprehended; the former charming telephone miss was wrapped in her thoughts.

Wormwood, Wormwood!
"Broken-hearted over the failure of student government," they said to your representative when interviewed soon after their discovery at Ledue, "we decided to go out into the great wide open spaces—to forget! With our two hearts beating as one we would start life anew far from familiar necks of the woods along the Drive."

Remorse
"It was the money that beat us," he sighed, "had I taken Pansy alone, no one would have cared. I just happened to have drawn out all the money in the treasury that afternoon to take a Pembina girl out to tea. Then I saw Pansy, and I knew my life had just begun. She had been ill-treated, and accused of disloyalty. Her maidenly sole was put down sud-

denly. She agreed to fly with me before I asked her."

Confesses
When taken into custody at Toronto, both were pale and trembling from riding blind baggage. "He kissed me once," blushed Pansy.

First news of the disaster was received by The Getaway soon after Tom Askin, Wes Oke and Reg Hamilton went to the Union safe about 2:30 last night to get enough funds to continue the weekly Students' Council poker game. A clue as to the whereabouts of the culprits was obtained an hour later when Sheriff Gavin Begg found a map of western Canada pinned to the under-side of Eric Stuart's mattress. "Never saw it before in my life, sir," said Stuart. His fibs will probably land him in the coop.

Marland Defending
Evidence was advanced that the winsome typist was the true author of "Gilded Hiccoughs," and also that she poured tea at the meetings of the Engineering Society. "That don't cut no ices with me," said the Sheriff with grim humour. The trial continues, preliminary hearing being set for St. Michaelmas Day in Hilary term.

STUDENTS ORATED AT

The House was in a tumult. Busy hands gesticulated, busy tongues wagged, faces became empurpled in the heat of debate. The leaders struggled to establish order. All was confusion. What would happen to the government? Could they stand the battering assault of the blood-crazed opposition? Where would the country end up? Ah! There is a sigh which is even louder than the angry tongues! At the far end of the hall has risen a majestic figure, an imposing figure, massive—strong, righteous—dignified—and a' that. His stern eye sweeps the House, and before each glance a craven quakes. Disorder is subdued by the lofty intellectual calm of this countenance, and all is breathless in the house, even the main debaters. The august figure of the dictator relaxes a trifle, and falls into the well-known characteristic pose of nonchalant might. And then—then, while the House listens spell-bound, its petty dissensions temporarily forgotten, the dictator says his say. Golden words, pregnant with philosophy, tinged perhaps with a subtle hint of mysticism, deeply emotional, plucking at the life-chords of the ages, piercing with infinite pathos the now softened hearts of the audience. The listeners become charged with the noble message as they hear his sweetly dulcet phrases, and from dissension turning to unity, from strife turning to solid camaraderie, with one great outburst they acclaim the Demosthenes of Alberta.

The speech is over.
Art Kindt has seconded the motion to adjourn.

S.P.F.W.G.F.A.D.L. IS AUGURATED

Stuttering glamorously through an inspired memorized address of welcome, David J. (Wes) Oke waded the meeting into order the other day in Room 250, Arts Building. It had started, the bawl was rolling. The Society for the Providing of Fresh Water for the Gold Fish at the American Dairy Lunch was organized. It was all Ian Macdonald's fault. Varsity's "human fish" stopped auto-graphing photos long enough to make an impassioned plea for water. He recalled Xenophon's famous war-cry, "Thalata, thalata," which expressed the speaker's own pent-up feelings. He groped for a word and found it. "Why," he asked, "should my finny brothers swim in the same water day after day?" No one replied, so he sat down mad.



Harry Lister taking his stenographer out to lunch; Dillon Cornwall taking the curl-papers out of his hair; Freshman packing his trunk; another Freshman packing his trunk; Bob Hill hurrying to keep an engagement in the Arts rotunda; Do Craig hurrying to keep an engagement in the Arts rotunda; Bat Waines swearing off cigarettes; Pete Lessard swearing off women; B Company of the C.O.T.C. keeping step; Pembinito taking a shower; Athabascaknight taking a shower; Shirley Macdonald running through the Oxford Dictionary to see if there were any omissions; Jane McNab glaring at another co-ed who had pinched her seat in the rotunda; Sid Fisher satisfied with something; Larry Piper standing thinking; Harold Buck standing.

YODEL CONNOISSEUR



SIMIAN MACDONALD
Who expects to cheer Varsity to success on Saturday night. Besides carrying on with much verve the good old Alberta traditions in cheer-leading, Mr. Macdonald has added greatly to the technique of the art by crossing a wolf-howl with a yodel. "Hair on him!" say we.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

ARE YOU IN FAVOUR OF SPATS FOR THE C.O.T.C.?
Elsie Young, Arts '29: Hitherto unprecedented. Besides Big Leaguers don't use 'em.
Harry Acheson, Sci '29: I shall, simply, do my duty.
Dokalik, Grad: ηΥογρΩμμυζΑηΑΧΥΤα θβαζαζωΠοτ'ηκζθωω
Mordecai MacSwershof, Law '30: A' oor bonnie Caledonian lads wear 'em gangin' mang th' hayther o' th' braes. But as oor Rabbie wud say, "A mon's a mon for a' that." Oi, Oi, Selah.
Emily Horricks, Arts '28: Ohhh! that would be SO romantic!
John Oliver Cromwell Sweeny, Arts '28: ————— spats. Begorra!
Emrys Maldwyn Guinevere Llewellyn ap Gryffyth ap Owen ap Jones, Arts '31: Cymru am byth.
Abdul Abulbul Amir, House Ec. '28: Allah bishm' Allah! But they develope the Mussuls and me, I am a Mussulman. Allah Akbar!
Guy André Jean Paul Baptiste Francois Xavier Fritz Provencher, Law trente et qu'avez-vous?: Mon Dieu, comme les spats sont chics. Parbleu. Scramouche!

THE WOMAN WHO PAYS



PANSY
The bewitching telephone lass who yesterday ran away with the Students' Union surplus, snapped at Carmel-by-the-Sea, where she is living with her lover in shameless luxury.

FUR FLIES FREELY—FREAK EATS FREAK

"Not so Dusty," Shouts Mud-slinger, Clearing His Throat

On February 30, 1928, at about 8:00 p.m., an unusually brilliant gathering of debaters met in the lower Common Room to discuss the resolution that "The Practice of Infanticide should be revived among Civilized People." The chair was occupied by Dr. Strangler.

The case for the affirmative was opened by Mr. Fish Lidder, than whom no one has said more.

Mr. Lidder regarded his opponents across the floor of the house with a look of intense scorn for the space of eight and one-half minutes, and then in a nicely balanced tone of contempt began:
"Really," Mr. Chairman, really—really—"The gentlemen of the opposition shifted nervously in their seats, as also did the chairman, who appeared to be included in the denunciation. The case for the affirmative seemed almost won, but not quite. Mr. Sidder continued to speak. He hoped that no insignificant member of the debating society was so dull-witted as to suppose that he intended to discuss the resolution before the house. He had come impelled by a sense of duty toward the cause of debating in the University. He would like to point out, however, that should anyone venture to support the motion he would be glad if they would imitate his style which he himself regarded as quite effective. There were seven words in the resolution which called for careful definition. They were practice, infanticide, among, revived, civilized, of and people. He was, however, confident that no one in the gathering would be so foolish as to attempt such a definition. It would require weeks before a sufficient number of dictionaries and encyclopedias would have been consulted to arrive at a broad understanding of these words. "Surely, Mr. Chairman," he said, in conclusion, "surely, surely—in the face of this I am not expected to adduce any further evidence in support of the resolution, nor to convince such an unprecedented collection of half-wits as I propose to regard those who oppose me tonight." He sat down amid an outburst of hysterical weeping on the part of the opposition.

Gossie, Gossie Ganderson
Mr. Ganderson then jumped to his feet. His face was working with suppressed passion, and for some time he was unable to speak. Finally, however, he loosed upon his opponents a torrent of invective.
"The inconceivable lunacy, the unexampled mental deficiency, the preposterous presumption of my worthy opponents leaves me speechless," he thundered. "But for the fact that I should consider it an insult to my intelligence to support any motion advanced by my friend, Mister Sidder, I would say, 'By all means let us have infanticide, and put the puppies out of their misery.'" He hoped that these references to syntax and dictionaries would not be regarded as arguments in support of the resolution. Personally he didn't give two raps about the infants, but he would certainly enjoy seeing his worthy opponents hung, drawn and quartered and publicly ostracized.

The debate was then thrown open to the public. The following speakers spoke: Mr. Fish Sidder (five times), Mr. Farley Chishire (four times), Mr. Ganderson (seven times). The subjects touched upon were: Mr. Sidder's I.Q., Mr. Chishire's physiognomy, Mr. Ganderson's manners, Mr. Sidder's dictionary, Mr. Chishire's dictionary.
The meeting broke up in disorder.

"TO EVERY ACTION—"

EDITORIAL

Sir Isaac Newton uttered a very profound truth, on that memorable day when, struck on the head by an apple, he exclaimed bitterly, "To every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction." This well-known literary gem is just as apt today as it was then. The younger generation has been described as cold and hard. This is the reaction. The cause is to be found—where? This is no time for half-truths, or for befogging the issue. One can smell a rat—let it be nipped in the bud. The truth is that our educational system is all wrong. A university ought to be in fact—a seat of learning. Yet, in the face of this well-known proposition, we find that those responsible for providing us with educational advantages have failed to provide one solitary Chesterfield in the rotunda of the Arts Building.

The whole story of human development and progress is a story of the increasing comfort of chairs—from primitive man, who sat on the hard earth, reading the "Outline of History," to modern man, seated on a Chesterfield in front of a radiant fire with the Saturday Evening Post. Yet our young students are compelled to endure the stony comfort of an alcove in the Arts Building, with feet huddled on a steam radiator. Is it any wonder that Darwinism should be rife?—that a cold, hard mental outlook should develop?

Surely it is time for change. Let the authorities take heed, and cope adequately with the situation by furnishing an adequate supply of Chesterfields. Then a changed philosophy might develop, similar to that contained in the beautiful translation by one of my contemporaries of Shelley's immortal lines—"A jug of wine—a loaf of bread—And How!"

CUCKOO BIRD ITCHY PUPPY DOG

Puppy Dog Itchy Cuckoo Bird—States Tribal Chief

COMPACTS DISCLOSED

More than one hundred savages had gathered in the tribal lodge. They were in full war-paint and carried their powder-horns at the alert. The grave demeanour of the chiefs portended that something of serious import was to be considered in the full council, and the countenances of the warriors were set and stern.

Heap Powder, Ugh!

After the ceremony of the tea-pot, which in this tribe has replaced that of the calumet, the Great Chief Sitting Hen rose majestically, and opening her compact (which is the tribal word for powder-horn) scattered powder to the four winds and her own nose, this being part of the ceremony of the tribal council on the eve of war. Forthwith all the minor chiefs and warriors performed the same rite, and then, as their custom is, the whole tribe gazed earnestly into small crystal discs for thirty seconds. This practice, it should be explained, corresponds to the Greek custom of consulting the oracle. The Wauneitas are an extremely superstitious people, and they have elaborate systems of signs and interpretations, which, generally speaking, are carefully guarded tribal secrets. It is definitely known, however, that the worst possible omen is the appearance of a wrinkled skin in the crystal, and when this sign appears to a warrior, he hastens to the tribal medicine-woman for new charms to stave off the evil that is supposed to threaten her.

But, to continue, the Great Chief, having completed this ceremony drew herself up to her full height and addressed the council.

"I Have Spoken"

"Know, O warriors, that the dignity of our tribe is at stake. It is known to you all that a nation dwelling to the north has lately been encroaching upon us. They are called the Fish tribe, and truly they are poor fish. Their god is the wind, and their worship of it does indeed seem to avail them, for it is known that they are able to call it to their aid at any time. But lately a sudden gust, which they conjured up, almost over-

MAYKENO HEDWAY



Known to the Wauneitas as Great Chief Sitting Hen. Timekeeper for the Women's Hockey Team. Known all about time—has wasted it, spent it, killed it, and rumor even has it that she has done time.

H. NEANDERTHAL



"DON'T MAKE A MONKEY OF YOURSELF"

CRIED BOB AS I SAT DOWN AT THE PIANO

I had been out on a fishing trip with a gang of the boys, and just after we got home we thought of going down to the Mac for a dance. "Oh, Goody Goody!" cried my girl friend, "Herpes (that's me) is such a mean hoover." Accordingly we went down to the Mac and in a few moments we were having a gorgeous time. Just as we were about to have lunch, I remembered that I had left the picnic basket home. Now, if I hadn't taken the Pulman memory course, I could never have remembered that I had forgotten it, and then where would I be. My advice to all is that you all learn to remember what you have forgotten, since nothing can be more touching than the words of Shakespeare, the immortal pard, when his eloquent pen, a new model Waterbury, with high-pressure feed, wrote, "But you forgot to remember."

LE REUNION HE'S MAK GRAN' HOORAW

Wan beeg tam hees been have by all de fellows in de las' meeting

Le Réunion Franco Canadien shees hol' her meeting yesterday afternoon ver' early, 'bout half pas' two—'t'ree—four o'clock, sometam roan' dere, I don' know jes' w'at tam. Although the chemin shees full wit' snow, an' on de chimley de win' is mak' it blow lak phantome, de boys an' girls came all de sam' in beeg crowds an' pass on the grande parloir.

Il Parle

Meestaire Juneau, de president of de club, hees mak' de ver' longue talk about not'ing at all. Mos' of dose at de meeting dey're fall asleep before hees feeneesh; but w'en hees done dey all woke up an' clap and shout, "Hooraw! Hooraw! Bagoshi! Juneau hees good to spick lak dat!" Aftaire dees, ole Leblanc hees get up to geeve a lecture on "De Different Ways For Necking de Petite Fille."

Alarum Without

W'en he was feeneesh dere was much noise, an' de president hees 'ank Leblanc for hees "won'erful an' 'ighly informative address."

Following dis there were some ladies who acted a scene out of a French-Canadian play, talking all de tam' in de French-Canadian language. It was ver' fanny, an' Juneau, le president, hees mak' de grand haw haw all de tam'. Mos' of de people in de meeting don' onterstan' le langage Franco-Canadian; but dey're mak' out that dey do, an' watch Juneau all de tam'. W'en hees laff, dey're laff also; an' dey all mak' each oder theenk dey know w'at eet ees all about. An' w'en someone hees laff in de wrong place hees start to cough ver' loud, jes' lak he did not laff but had a ver' bad col' in de head. Dere was wan fellow did not even smile all de tam'. De oders look at heem lak he was doing somet'ing wrong, an' lak dey t'ought he was no good an' not wort' anything.

Frogs

W'en de play was t'rough, ten, twel', mebbe feefteen young fellow and girl are go outside de room, and ever'body helse are sitting aron' doing not'ing but wait on'til dey come back. Pret' soon dey come. Sapré tonnerre! How dey are dressed! De girls are lak boys, an' de boys are lak girls! Dey come in an' mak' wan grand hooraw, den ever'body has to guess w'at eet ees all about.

Before de meeting shees close, le president hees get up wance more, an' talk for ver' long tam'. De people all go to sleep, but hees tell dem all about de club, how eet ees form' so dat the members will have exercise in spickin' le Franco-Canadien, an' so dey can hear de mos' bes' w'at eet ees possible in de way of lectures and different t'ings.

Le president hees announce dat at de nex' meeting Meestaire Oneime LeDéjeuner will spick about "For W'y ees de W'ere, An' W'en?"

KILLEN DAWNELL WINS NOBLE PRIZE

Popular Somnambulist Gets Righter's Club Award—Pays Tuck Bill

Below is printed the winning poem in the competition for the Noble Prize offered by the Righters' Club. The prize consists of a new typewriter ribbon and carries with it an honorarium of 15c.

(AUTHOR'S NOTE)

While browsing through some old manuscripts in the Stack Room, I came upon an obscure passage in Sanskrit which I have ventured to do into Anglo-Saxon of the fourth dynasty. It is the tale of the hopeless love of a species of scoriae for an Egyptian scarab.

PASIONE

A fremig met a bundalug Upon a porrish day.

They boggled where the bregles brafe And then they shrang away.

"No more, no more," the fremig wept,

"My plonger days are done."

"Brash bundalug, why must you shring

"Before the slug is bun?"

The bundalug will shrang alone, With fremigs in Bondiz, But I his sloshing fremig sweets In swolten purbats.

ENVOI

Blum Sag who toffs in brenner bliss And wogs along the play, Shall speeg no more with frollig song His Fremig shring away.



THE GATEWAY

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CHEAP STUFF

The Midwinter Dance, we are informed, was too largely attended. A number of those present during the latter part of the evening had neglected the trifling formality of buying tickets. Though everyone realizes that dances are perhaps the most important things in higher education, this fact does not altogether justify such absent-mindedness as some of the devotees of Terpsichore displayed on that occasion. It would be very awkward to be compelled to carry a passport at a dance to prove that one had a right to be there. And it would not look well if it became necessary to keep a squad of policemen on the gate to see that no one entered without paying admission. But if this practice continues to be carried to such excess as it was at the Midwinter, some such measures will be necessary.

It is well known that at most of the University dances a few persons drift in without tickets. This fact has been ignored because the number of such persons has usually been negligible. But when the number of dancers exceeds the number of paid admissions by twenty-five or thirty, the matter gets beyond a joke. There is always considerable expense involved in the arrangements for dances, and if anyone considers them sufficiently important to occupy the time of one night, his zeal should be great enough to overcome the agony of parting with the price of a ticket.

Crashing the gate at a University function is a particularly cheap sort of act. We can understand that a man who beats his way into a dance-hall whose equipment includes a large and formidable chucker-out, may do so in a spirit of adventure—or he may not. But there is no possible doubt of the spirit in which any individual slips in on a dance in Athabaska Hall without paying his way.

TWITTERING

Some time ago we read an article on semantics. During the last three or four weeks we have been reminded of this interesting subject by certain other antics which have resulted in a new application of the word "twittering." This word, in its recently acquired local sense, refers to a pastime much in favour with certain students, among them certain rugged athletes and even more rugged managers of athletics. Unlike the generality of slang expressions, the word appears to suit the peculiar activity to which it is applied. In the older use it was a good example of that figure of speech ponderously named onomatopoeia. (This polysyllabic outrage, we believe, refers to cases where the sounds of words resemble the sounds of things represented thereby.) The process of twittering, in the latest sense of the word, has no distinctive sound. Yet somehow, as remarked before, the word seems to fit the action. It is not an easy thing to define, and definitions are to be distrusted anyway. We learned that from the debate critiques. That refuge of debaters, the dictionary, affords no light on the matter in question. But anyone who is interested may observe this twittering at the Tuck about half-past four and at certain other hours. The Tuck is mentioned as the surest place for observation, for it is there that twitterers most do congregate. We could also supply information as to the ablest demonstrators, but such publicity might not be appreciated by the persons most intimately concerned.

It may be said, however, that the twittering of human beings, like that of birds, is one of the signs of spring. The indications this year point to an early one.

"GATHER YE ROSES"

We note with interest the answers to the questions in The Gateway's weekly questionnaire, especially in view of a recent feature article which appeared in the paper, the gist of which was that speculative thought is almost a forgotten thing among the students of the University of Alberta, and that what discussion there is is largely pseudo and superficial. The questionnaire in part affirms, and in part refutes, this somewhat supercilious denunciation. The fact that eight out of nine students, after having a Gateway reporter rush up to them and ask, "Do you think Canada should join the Pan-American Union?" could give answers that were at least intelligent, is an answer in itself to the oft-repeated criticism that the students of today take no interest in public affairs. But it could not be expected that every one of the first nine or ten persons accosted would be interested in the question, and the fact that one answer was hopelessly inane can be no criterion of general intellectual paucity.

We realize that such much cannot be said for some of the other questionnaires. The answers of some certainly indicated a lack of serious thought, to those particular questions at least. But to leave the questionnaires. No critic can safely make the sweeping statement that there is no serious or profitable inter-student thought and discussion. We know that our University contains a modicum of hair-brained nit-wits, but—we dare to suppose—so does Oxford. To show that all thought among our students is not given over to "airy persiflage"—let us instance the case of one student—a man very prominent in all athletics, and in social affairs—who, after a sleepless night of thought, sat down and wrote—merely "to get it off his mind," as he put it—a three thousand word explanation of what he believed to be man's ultimate philosophical goal. This man is not known as a dreamer, but as a practical, hard-headed man of



(Proof to General Office.)

Add Students' Union Constitution:
"A major function is any damn thing you wash your neck for."

The Last Punic War

"I will," said the illiterate hen."
"Illiterate?"
"Yeah, little read."

From the Mouths of Babes

Frosh, entering Gateway office: "Any Gateways left?"

Telephone girl: "No, not a one."
Frosh: "That's fine."

"Let's play house—you be a door and I'll slam you."

"Sure, and then you be a hint and I'll drop you, and then you be a smile and I'll crack you, and after that you can be a date and I'll break you."

Bob Hill (holding forth): "Oh, he'll never flunk a good-looking girl in French."

Taddy: "You're crazy—he failed me in 1—3."

"My dear young man, although I realize that you are accentuated only by the kindest motives in informing me of the deflated condition of one of the pneumatic devices, the successive revolutions of which bear me onward in space, yet I feel constrained to acquaint you with the fact that I am prepared against such a contingency and will immediately rectify the incongruity arising from the afore-mentioned lack of rotundity."

"I know, Professor, but you got a flat tire. Ain'tcha gonna do something about it?"

The Argument

The Lady: "Count yourself again, big boy, you ain't so many."

The Gent: "Stick a thermometer in your lips, baby, you ain't so hot."

Noses Are Red, and Noses Are Blew

There are noses reddened by wine,
By booze artists who go on a spree,
But my little nose is as red as a rose,
Because I've a cold, you see.—Ex.

Maybe you didn't hear about the Senior who got infantile paralysis from taking out too many freshettes.

"Why do you suppose that fellow's running back and forth in front of the voting booth?"

"Oh, he's probably just exercising his franchise."

"A penny for your thoughts," she remarked.

"I was just thinking of going home!"

"Give him a dollar, Jean," the Adviser called from the top of the stairs. "It's a bargain."

A Ballad

Oh, Canada, I sing to thee
Under this spreading maple tree,
Land of the brave, the free, the best,
Land where the men have hair on their chest,
Land where mighty rivers flow,
Land where all girls' cheeks do glow,
Land where they make that good home-brew,
Land of song, of ballad, of glee,
Land where they tolerate this and me,
Oh glorious land, with shining head,
Who said, with this, our poetry's dead?
—Toronto "Varsity."

action. Does not this fact augur well for the possibility that there are other of his kind among our much-contemned student body?

And if all our time is not spent in philosophical or other speculation, but in activities, social and otherwise, which are the scorn of the "intellectual," is it, not possible that we have gone just a step beyond our critics, that we have realized the things for which we have been taken to task, seen their futility and decided that

"Gather ye roses while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying;
The bud that blooms so fair today
Tomorrow may be dying."

is a saner philosophy than the one which would have us pore our lives away in ineffectual abstractions?

THE CALENDAR

The finals are only six weeks off, and, as usual at this time of year, students are telling each other that they must get down to work seriously. Some of them actually do get down to work. Others keep their consciences easy by continually threatening to work. And all of them, workers and shirkers, entertain their friends with dismal tales of their abysmal ignorance, which is really quite unnecessary in most cases. When lectures end, a general frantic assault on text-books and sheaves of notes begins, accompanied by groans and solemn resolutions never to be caught in that situation again. These resolutions are usually better kept than the one's made at New Year's, because there is no opportunity to break them for a whole year, or perhaps two years, as in the case of a student who stays out for a term.

In Canada, University terms necessarily end at the worst possible time. There is no help for it of course, but that is the fact. With the first appearance of spring, everyone thinks rather of the great open spaces in the country, rather than of those in their note-books and memories. Young students are troubled by the "cosmetic urge," and older ones by other things quite as disturbing. Unfortunately, the winter is the only reasonable time in which to carry on University work in Canada, so finals must necessarily come in the spring. It is doubtful if anything would be gained by putting them off till the fall. Such students as are nipped in the bud under the present system, would quite as certainly wither and drop at a set of autumn examinations.



"I do not agree with a word that you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."—Voltaire.

University of Alberta.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Among the several unfortunate features of the meeting of the Students' Union on Feb. 21st was the fact, already alluded to by Mr. Hutton, that there was no decision made as to whether we really do or do not want a change in our present constitution. We think that we may assume, however, that the rest of the Union as well as the Council are almost unanimously agreed that there should be some change, at least to the extent of giving some legislative powers to the Council.

As Mr. S. G. MacDonald has pointed out, the Council are divided over questions as to the general lines that these changes should follow. There is one division over the question of whether we should have two councils, one legislative and one executive, or only one body of about fifteen or eighteen members, as at present. All agree that the Council should have legislative powers, but there is a division again over the question of whether it should be entirely independent of the Union when it is elected or whether there should be some provision for the calling of a Union meeting to decide anything on which the Council's actions are considered not in accordance with the general opinion of the student body.

These are the main issues that have arisen in the Council and, we believe, in the Union as a whole. Others may turn up, but at present that seems unlikely. There is, then, the question of how these should be decided. Mr. S. G. MacDonald's motion in the Union meeting (which passed the Council with a bare majority the day before) called for the election of a committee to do that. But surely these questions as to which policy should be followed in the drawing up of the amendments, which are chiefly matters of opinion, should be decided on by the Union as a whole. We have been fretting all year under the decisions of the University authorities as to what is best for us; let us at least insist on deciding for ourselves what form of government we want. It will be time enough then to elect a committee to draw up a scheme of government in accordance with our wishes.

We personally are in favor of a single council of fifteen or eighteen members, similar to the present Council, but having on it no more than one representative of each of the different societies, and with some faculty representation on it; possibly also with the presidents of the Freshman and Sophomore classes on it to ensure for the students of those years some representation on that body which they surely are entitled to; moreover that this council have legislative as well as executive powers, but that there be provision for the calling of a Union meeting within two weeks of the passing of any legislation if, say, one hundred students demand it, and that this meeting have the power to make the final decision.

We think that it was unfortunate that the Union meeting followed as closely on the tests that there was no opportunity for these main issues to be thoroughly discussed so that they might be put to a vote at that meeting, and so that those at the meeting might be prepared to vote really on the question rather than merely on the debating abilities of those who might speak for and against it. There is, however, another meeting of the Union at eleven-thirty this year, on April 3rd, at which it is hoped there will be a quorum and at which these issues and any others that may arise can be voted on; and the meeting of the twenty-first has at least aroused enough interest in these questions that by that time we will all have at least had a chance to make up our minds as to just what we want.

M. E. MANNING,
D. P. MacDonald.

University of Alberta.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—In last week's issue, under the heading "Seen at the House Dance," appears: "... the regular orchestra, by whose failure to appear..." We wish to correct the implication that the regular orchestra was at fault. Mr. Gourlay had accepted an engagement elsewhere for that evening, and an overtone orchestra had been hired. The failure of the latter to notify us, until just before the dance, of their inability to be present delayed the opening half an hour.

Yours very truly,

A. S. GALBRAITH,
For House Committee.

University of Alberta.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—May I take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of the deep interest you appear to take in the affairs of the women students of this University. Such chivalrous support as that which we have received this year from The Gateway should not, I feel, in justice, remain unsung.

Unfortunately, most of the women students are too busy minding their own affairs to realize the apparently unjust restrictions placed upon their liberties, and were it not for your frequent editorials they might remain ignorant of the intolerable conditions of their surroundings. For instance, it was only through reading your thoughtful editorial in last week's issue that I learned how my womanhood had been insulted for three years when I have been compelled to "sign out" when leaving residence. I am deeply indebted to you for pointing this out to me, and for explaining so ingeniously the reason for the existence of the rule. I am convinced that the Pembina

House Committee would find its labors greatly lessened could you be persuaded to act in an advisory capacity to it. No doubt your long experience in matters of this kind and your earnest, heartfelt sympathy for those who have had the misfortune to be born women would prove of valuable assistance to this body. At least you could always explain to the committee the real reasons why the particular rules which were drawn up by women for women to be enforced by women, exist.

May I, then, express my thanks for the interest you have always shown in those matters which concern women students only, particularly those in residence.

Yours truly,
WINIFRED GILHOOLY.

University of Alberta.

Editor, The Gateway.

With a view to bringing about the abrogation of the promise which all students "are now forced" to make upon entering the University, pledging themselves not to join any secret society while they are members of the University, a petition is being circulated among the student body.

This pledge now exacted from each student is one of the many out-worn formulae, whose ineptness has been proved in the growth of the University. Almost twenty years ago, when the total registration did not exceed 70 students, the question of the introduction of fraternities was discussed by the students. The natural fraternal feeling that existed among so small a body rendered the presence of these organizations superfluous, and the present pledge is a result of a resolution to that effect passed by the students.

The change of conditions which the last twenty years has brought about is well illustrated by the fact that the full registration in those days would not provide a quorum for the Union today. The lack of fraternal feeling amongst the present large body of students is equally obvious, and until such smaller units for promoting student spirit are provided, this lack must retard the progress of student organization in this University.

Realizing this, a petition backed by leaders of student opinion is being circulated amongst the undergraduates. The petition aims chiefly at removing this antique pledge which is the chief obstacle to the full expression of student spirit. That it incidentally advocates the introduction of fraternities and sororities is the result of strong opinion that such organizations are vital to the growth of a loyal and fraternal feeling amongst the undergraduates, both for their alma mater and their fellow students.

A.C.

University of Alberta.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—I believe there were many at the last meeting of the Students' Union who failed to grasp the purport of the motion moved by Mr. MacDonald. The motion, if carried, would have instigated an investigation in regard to student government, and nothing more. It left our con-

stitution intact (in fact, no such motion could change the constitution), but Mr. Lessard, in moving an amendment requiring that the whole question be tabled, deplored the "throwing over" of existent governing machinery, a thing the motion could not be designed to do.

I, for one, was well pleased with Mr. MacDonald's motion. Students' Union conditions have been such that a committee should have been selected to study alternative methods of student government some time ago. The students have expressed dissatisfaction with their form of government for several years. Recently a common charge has been that the faculty is the cause of most of the Union's trouble, and that to them we should look for a panacea in the form of greater power. But, as I see it, it is not a matter of power that has caused a rift in our government, but the inability of the system to communicate adequate expression between the staff and the students. The granting of more power may act as a palliative to the system of government which has become unworkable, but it will not cure it. To those who say that lack of power is the cause of our trouble, I would say that our municipalities, our province, or even the Dominion of Canada have not complete autonomy, yet they have councils and governments that act successfully within what powers they have. Cannot student government be moulded to act successfully within its powers?

With Mr. MacDonald, I believe it is possible to devise a system of representative government that will prove more effective than the present form. At any rate it is time a committee be appointed to investigate the situation. One that will be able to meet to work out details during the summer, will be the most satisfactory.

The committee should be composed of men who are honored by the Union and only one order—"work out a solution from the facts"—given to them. It would be unwise to restrict the work of the committee, or that it should be asked by the Union to submit a constitution providing a particular kind of representative government. Some may complain that the committee may not take cognizance of opinions not held by one of its members. The solution is to appoint a committee that will not be guilty of malversation of the trust placed in it. Indeed, if we cannot do this, we need not attempt representative government, for it is on trust in representation that such a system of government is based.

It is the duty of The Gateway at this time to continue to stimulate an active interest among the students on this question. It should attempt, whenever possible, to keep them posted on the progress made by the committee. The Trail might also be solicited to invite suggestions from Alumni members. In short, all available means to expedite in pushing this question to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion, should be employed.

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PLAN FOR FRESHMAN DANCE COMPLETE

Class '31 Has Already Held a Novel and Successful Party

Preparations for the Freshman Dance are now well under way, and the date of the function has been decided on as March 16th. An attractive scheme of decoration, the executive asserts, has already been planned; but no details may yet be known—the most absolute and impenetrable secrecy is maintained regarding them.

If the success of the Freshman party held Thursday last may be considered a promise of the success of the dance, that affair will be absolutely phenomenal.

The idea of a skating party and moccasin dance for members of the class and a few friends only is entirely new, originated by the Freshman executive. And the way it was carried out, the spirit of enthusiasm and good-feeling, would indicate that the frosh can make a success of any of their functions.

The invited guests at this party were Dr. and Mrs. Tory, Mr. and Mrs. Cooke, and the Sophomore executive. The members of the class also brought many friends from outside it whom they wished to see present.

The affair was managed by the Frosh executive: Al Harding, president; Jack Agnew, secretary-treasurer; Kae Craig, vice-president, and Isabelle Kippe, Keith French and Alan Carscadden, members of the executive. This body showed itself worthy of the trust all freshmen had placed in it at election time. The same group will be in charge of the dance, and will undoubtedly carry it off with equally good entertainment.

SOCIETY NOTES

On Sunday evening the home of Dr. and Mrs. Wyatt was the scene of an obnoxious dinner party, at which the guests were the women's basketball team, their coach, and Mr. Robert Hill. After an intriguing repast in shades of green and gold, Taddy Esch presented Mr. Husband with a pen and pencil set, as the team's revenge for the severity of his regime. Bobby, the aider and abettor of the team in all the crises of its career, was the recipient of a handsome duck, complete with wheels and repete with jelly beans.

A tasteful set of pyjamas, of green trimmed with gold ribbons was presented to Hubby to compensate him for discomfort on the recent trip, when owing to somebody's mischief, he was obliged to sleep in his XYZ's. In making the presentation, Miss Margaret Morrison said she hoped that "Hubby's" appreciation of the Parisian pyjamas would prove their concoction not "Love's Labour Lost."

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The Midwinter

Who says a University career is a waste of time? If Class '28 have learned nothing else during their sojourn here, they certainly know how to stage a formal dance. They have forever justified their existence by arranging the coolest, smoothest, most delightful formal of the year. Anyone who didn't enjoy the Midwinter was suffering either from a sore heel or a conscience.

The decorations?—thank heaven for people with sense enough to leave Athabasca Hall alone. Who wouldn't trade a lot of paper for a cushy davenport? And speaking of decorations, don't you think it's time skirts changed their minds and started up?

The music was the kind to dream about. Mr. John Bowman's violin can melt the heart of even the most blasé Senior, and his saxophones lure the most dignified into the insouciant movements of the Hobo Hop.

The executive responsible for the arrangements consists of Larry Piper (Pres.), Fran MacMillan, George Stanley, Gwen Little, Hep Aylesworth, Bill Auxier and Bill Hobbs. —Y.

The Pig's Eye

Spring should be here soon. And with Spring will come the birds and flowers, tag-days and pedlars. The shrill cry of the Kiwanis, wending its way home from the southern convention grounds, will mingle with the weird note of the loon and the hoarse bark of the golfer. The village idiot will play his saxophone on the green and the others go for long walks in the woods. Gardens will be dug, and father's watch will spaded in beside the nasturtium beds. The neighbor's children will play on your lawn while poppa plants grass for the eighth time.

With Spring must come the inevitable Finals. And like death, after then, what? The engineers will go back to the farm, the dentists to the oil fields and the rest to Brewsters. The college queens will be seen once more on the village streets deciding that after all the home town boys might do for another season. And the home town boys, who have been to Tractor School or Barber College, will welcome them back, having learned a thing or two themselves. A happy few will work while the rest play, and soon even Summer will be over.

The boys from the City tell me that the shows are still running and playing to big houses. Which news set the weary heart to fluttering and made the tired old eyes brighter, for a time. Shall these blood-shot optics ever again gaze upon a hoover or the merry patter of the gag-man fall upon these ears? Heaven grant it so! I have seen desert pictures until I wake at nights calling piteously for a gun, a gun to get the fiend who writes those awful scenarios.

Even the American marines saving the girl from the Fate That Is Worse Than Death, would be a pleasure. Yes, I did see "Lord Richard in the Pantry," but that's only a slice of good beef in an acre of ham.

But perhaps I'm bitter. They tell me the town pump is to be fixed next week and I can go to watch them. With this, and John Barrymore's picture, I imagine I can finish another week. —H. D. S.

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PLANT EVOLUTION A LONG PROCESS

Dr. Lewis Delivers Interesting Address to Philosophers on Plant Evolution

Dr. F. J. Lewis, before the Philosophical Society at its last meeting, developed the topic, "The Emergence of Plant Life," in the course of an interesting paper, which suggested the history of vegetation and the factors which may have brought about the present organization of the higher plants living on the surface of the earth. "Fossilized remains of plants and certain salient features in modern vegetation afford suggestive evidence that the problems of the primitive plant world were very different to those of the present day. It seems to be generally agreed by botanists and geologists that land plants and animals originated from early types living in the sea."

The agreement between the concentration and chemical content of sea water and the plasma of marine and vertebrate animals is so close as to preclude coincidence. Again, in lower plant groups fertilization of the egg is achieved by a motile sperm swimming to the egg—a state of things which could only have arisen in organisms living in water. A method of fertilization independent of the free swimming sperm may be regarded as the greatest modification of reproductive methods ever carried out, and a method to which the modern vertebrate has not attained.

New Discoveries

"The origin of higher, e.g., more specialized vegetation from green algae has long been held, but the intermediate steps have until lately remained unknown. The history of the development must have taken a vast period of time, and its earliest phases take us back to the origin of all life. How the simplest unicellular flagellate organisms originally arose we have no means of knowing."

"The changes which have taken place in the nature of cosmic radiations make it a legitimate speculation whether some past condition of the rays received from the sun combined with temperature conditions of the primeval seas may not have resulted in synthesis which no longer take place. Of these earlier types no actual remains will ever be found."

The uprising of undulating continental masses to within a range of one foot in a thousand years would give rise to conditions suitable for massive attached plant types, such as are typified by the sub-marine areas of brown algae at the present time. Land flora must have evolved from the mighty races of marine algae which initiated and successfully evolved probably all that goes to the making of what we call a plant.

Step From Sea to Land

The cooling of the earth ultimately lifted the land above the surface of the water. The transmittant algae

ESSAY CONTEST

For the student interested in the traffic problem of modern civilization a new opportunity arises at once to gain recognition of ability and to earn expenses for a year at Varsity, according to a circular letter recently received from the editorial department of the magazine "The Nation's Traffic."

This magazine is conducting a contest in which \$10,000 will be awarded for the best plans submitted on specified subjects of traffic control regulation and safety. The contest is open to everyone without obligation of any sort, but it is wished primarily to obtain ideas from students of the problem. The closing date of the contest is April 30, 1928. A booklet is distributed by the publishers with further information. This may be obtained by writing to the Traffic Syndicate Bureau, Inc., Title Guaranty Building, St. Louis, Mo.

faced crucial problems involving changes in oxygen, food and water supply. The earliest results of the transmigration period were not discovered to scientists until when in 1916, in a village in Aberdeenshire, a silicified peat bed was unearthed which has proved a veritable storehouse of but slightly differentiated primitive plants.

It must not be supposed, the speaker declared, that our speculation involves the idea of a descent of all present day vegetation from a few primitive groups. Schemes of "linkage" are wholly fallacious in the broader lines of phyletic connection. Existing groups of land flora may be traced back to the flagellated life of the sea quite independently and through different groups of marine algae.

In the method of fertilization the flowering plants have eliminated all vestigial relics of the flagellated oceanic phase. The land method of air-borne pollen entails waste of pollen, but avoids the disadvantage of a semi-permanent organism to produce sexual cells. The problem of economical transport gives indications of approaching solution in certain species of flowering plants.

Evolutionary Progression
In evolution all great races of plants must follow the same progression—being kept within a certain range of morphological variation by the inexorable features of stellar and planetary history.

The elementary distinction between what is "evil" and what is "good" may be said to be emphasized in the life of the first marine algae, and intensified in the struggle towards higher expressions of biological organizations—the mere fact of racial survival under the given circumstances determining which is which.

The fundamental law determining the evolution of the psychology of higher organisms and the moral code subsequently crystallizes into the conception of a tribal or racial deity.

VARSITY ORCHESTRA THANKS CONDUCTOR

Symphony Orchestra Gave Concert at the Red Cross Hut on Thursday

In accord with their annual custom, on Thursday evening last the Varsity Symphony Orchestra gave a concert at the Red Cross Hut, at the University. There was a large attendance of patients and hearty applause. Mrs. Lovelace sang two dainty and much enjoyed numbers, accompanied by Miss Helen MacGregor. The evening's program was broadcast by CKUA, the University radio station. After the concert, the orchestra and a number of friends spent several delightful hours of games and music at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, who have in the past proven to be the orchestra's staunch friends.

During the course of the evening Mr. Tom Gilroy, president of the orchestra, in a neat speech, voiced the orchestra's deep appreciation of the services rendered University music by their conductor, Mrs. J. B. Carmichael, and as some token of their gratitude presented her with a handsome silver tray, suitably inscribed. Mrs. Carmichael expressed warm thanks, and predicted a still more successful future for the organization. The little ceremony was fittingly closed by the singing of "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow."

The gathering broke up at a late hour, with a vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Simpson for their kindly hospitality.

UNIFORMITY

"The women around this place make me weary," Roberta said to me, while we demolished toast at 11 p.m. "They're so everlastingly tied up to what other people do. This line about the independence of the modern girl is all tripe, as far as I can see. This afternoon I got out of the car at Steen's with a pair of freshettes. One said to the other, 'Why didn't you tell me you were going to wear your scarf?' Now I've come without mine." Horrible calamity! To think that they were not equipped exactly alike!

"I know a girl who actually stayed away from the rink because she hadn't a skatink skirt, and 'nobody is wearing breeks this year.' They've as much originality as the fifth bean in a prize pod."

"Have another slice of toast," said I. "And pass the jam. After all, clothes don't matter much, do they?"

"They do," declared Robbie. "They're the symbol of the inner woman. This desire for a uniform standard of dress is a legacy of the late Mrs. Grundy. If we don't look and behave like everybody else, people will make a mistake about our morals. They'll think we're queer—and no man wants a queer woman."

"That's the whole point," said I. If Varsity men—I mean, Varsity boys—appreciated individuality in women, they'd get it. But all the most of them want is the admiring glance and how-wonderful-you-are stuff. And even the intelligent women give it to them. It makes me sick to see a real person who you know has a brain of her own simpering at an empty-headed male idiot."

"Yeah, but where is the simpering?" demanded Robbie. "Over a jam doughnut, paid for by the afore-said idiot. And I don't think much of any female who goes out with a man she secretly despises, just for what she can get. A gold digger is only a step removed from what the English department calls 'a woman of the town.'"

"Be calm," said I, "and tell me what is the real person to do, on the campus or off it?"

Robbie ruminated. "Things being as they are, and really intelligent men being as scarce as they are, she can make a straight choice between being a social success and being herself."

—B. D. K.

Who Are The Reformers?

Man is by instinct a reforming animal. He wishes to better conditions according to the way he sees things. Pushed from the trees because of overcrowded quarters, he separated himself from his ape ancestry and began to improve himself, and to throw stones at those less adeptly equipped than himself to meet the changes of time and place. He developed his hands by use, he raised his forehead by cunning, and he has been throwing stones, of one nature or another, ever since. Then man began to argue instead of climbing trees. While he used force, he contrived javelins and stone sledges, and the more refined weapons of moral persuasion. These inventions marked the rise of his improved thinking, and he began planning how devastating his conduct of warfare might be made. When he used his tongue in argument, which often took the form of bullying, he called it Moral Suasion. When he resorted to arms, he called it the Last Recourse. In such a soil the reformer was born.

There are many things we may reform, and there are many people other than ourselves. It is true that, however broadly history may record these changes, reform has usually emanated from a burning light in the mind of one man. Hence the truth of Emerson's statement that "every reform was once a private opinion." They may not be always right, these things we call reforms, but they nearly always spring from a righteous impulse. Reformers are always good people trying to make the world, or university, as the case may be, a better place to live in.

The peculiar thing about reform is that when it sweeps away it doesn't do a perfectly clean job. It always leaves a condition just as insidious for the next reformer. So like the per, we have the reformer always with us. There is ever a next one. The moral point of view shifts with

the times. Sometimes we wonder whether reform does not have its initial impulse in the most doubtful of ideas. Yet the reformers intentions are undoubtedly good.

Unfortunately Reform is not content to adopt evolutionary processes. It wishes to take the evil by the roots. It wishes to upset the government and to turn the rascals out with no thought as to who might come in their stead. Thus national problems and others too, are created. There must be martyrs to every cause. The desire to make us better for the world or the world better for us has been at the very basis of our existence. Stern faces have told us to mend our ways and build fires of redemption. Our statutes are riddled with laws meant to be efficacious reforms.

Somewhere there is always the person ready to explain a mission in life. Everywhere they have been shouting and singing the ills of society (the Wauneta Society not excluded). There have been the pussyfoots who have tried to cover the evils up; there have been the loud speakers who have tried to blow the lid off. The organized steam roller has killed many of these worthies and the evils have settled into their ruts again. The history of organized society is the fluctuating record of ins and outs. The psychology of the reformer is very simple—even more so if the reader has taken Phil 2. We have the anti-something or other advocate, pale, suave, with a touch of Uriah Heep about him. But after all, it is the Big Drum atmosphere that makes the man with the mission popular.

Thus it will always go. As long as there are streets to sweep, as long as there are contracts to be given out, as long as there is one clique in the Students' Union keeping another clique out, both sides will advocate their causes. Who are the reformers? —GEORGES.

T. P. R.

(University Nurses News)

We are a busy staff with limited time for outside activities, but Kal Ross assures us that there is no sport like hockey, and we show our approval by shouts of encouragement from the bleachers. Again, as we watch Queena Esdale do the crawl up the swimming pool we know she hasn't let her muscles atrophy.

Our pal, Hoodie, is improving rapidly, and expects soon to rejoin us on duty.

Wyn is learning to walk, and with much perseverance may also spend the spring months among us.

Last Tuesday night the home of Judge and Mrs. J. L. Crawford was the scene of a highly successful dance given by the first year nurses. The guests of honor were Miss Fenwick, Miss Peters and Miss Murray. Judge and Miss Crawford received the guests. Snappy music was provided by Mrs. Barclay, whose many variations and original novelty dances caused great amusement. Delicious refreshments were served by the nourishment committee, and enjoyed by all.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC



SPORTS



Green and Gold Girls Play Sask. Tomorrow Afternoon

Game at 4:45 Sharp at Rink—Prospect of Good Game—Green and White Defeated by Manitoba, 2 to 1—Several Aquatic Champs on Lineup

Yes, 'tis a world of surprises. And not the least one this week was a telegram received from the Saskatchewan Girls' Hockey team asking for a game this week. Anxious to accept their challenge, but faced with many other clashing interests, the local girls have scheduled the game to take place at a quarter to five on Friday afternoon. Owing to the shortness of the time, no tickets are being sold, so don't wait to be asked, but pay at the gate.

Saskatchewan Good
The visiting team, from what little has been gleaned, are a heavy, hard-playing tribe of lassies, who can only be overcome by fast skating and good combination. In the game against Manitoba, the Saskatchewan girls drew the short end of the stick, by a score of two to one. They scored their lone goal in the last minute of play. Their star player is Dot McKenzie, who is also a tennis and swim-

ming champion.

With an improved showing over that which they made last Monday, the Varsity girls have a good chance of winning their game. They admit that a good large crowd makes all the difference to their playing, and root. Hence, to the rink, on Friday! Ask all and sundry to turn out and if we can help our girls win a game, by all means let's make the rafters ring! We'll see you there.

Saskatchewan lineup:
Isobel Peterson, goal.
Miriam Jardine, defense.
Pat McCarthy, defense.
Dot McKenzie, centre.
Bessie Nicol, forward.
Helen MacDonald, forward.
Mabel Sutherland, sub.
Mary Borland, sub.
Reg. Brehaut, coach.

very little real basketball was produced by either team. Both teams were checking close, and free throws were meted out with generosity by the officials.

Period Fairly Even

The Varsity boys started out strong and Shandro ran in two nice baskets in the first few minutes of play. The Y retaliated with a free throw convert and a field basket. Both teams then settled down to a hard, stiff, checking game. Varsity had the better of the floor play in this frame, but could not cope with the sharp-shooting of the forwards, who sank three field baskets and five gratis shots for a total of eleven points. The green and gold only managed to grab three field counters and one free throw for seven points.

The Y team rallied at the beginning of the second period, and the locals could not hold them; Bill Pulishy ran wild in this stanza, and sank baskets from all angles. The local lads tried hard to hold down the town boys, but too much rough stuff and not enough basketball spoiled their chances of winning. Any hopes that the green and gold crew held were dashed on the proverbial rocks when Obee was disqualified. The final score was 37-19 in favor of the Y.

Pulishy was the bright star of the visiting team, accounting for fifteen of their points. Shandro and Bryn were high scorers for the green and gold with six points each.

The lineup:
Varsity—Brynildson (6), Shandro (6), Seibert (1), O'Brien (4), Husband, Miller, McCallum, Little, Donaldson, Saddington (2).
Y.M.C.A.—Hickenbotham (8), Pulishy (15), Cathers (7), Martell (6), Richards (1), Johnston, Perring.
Referee: C. Morrison.
Umpire: Bill Douglas.

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And All-Star Cast
IN
"Tell it to Sweeney"

FANCY SKATING CLUB

To those who watched the performances given by the Glenora Skating Club on Sunday last, it will come as a pleasant surprise to know that a plan for forming a similar club in the University has been formed. Little is decided as yet; but the idea is that in the session of 1928-29 a club of such a kind might function and provide a welcome opportunity to many to obtain some skill in fancy skating.

It would indeed, it is felt, be a pity for our University to own an excellent rink and yet to develop only the sports side of skating among our students.

As those who originated the scheme are anxious to know what support is to be found for it, all who are interested are requested to mention the fact, giving names, to Dean Boyle, Cecil Edwards, or Carmen Dixon Craig.

GLENORA CLUB VISITS VARSITY

Thirty-six Members Entertain Students With Fine Display of Fancy Skating

Sunday afternoon, February 26th, thirty-six members of the well-known Glenora Skating Club visited the Varsity Rink. For half an hour, while two hundred and fifty applauding students looked on, these ice kings and queens gave as neat and finished an exhibition of fancy skating as can be seen in these parts. The performing ice artists were the club's best representatives, and their smart red sweaters, navy blue tams, and picturesque leggin's added to the novelty and effectiveness of the unexpected treat.

Several solo stunts interspersed the graceful dance and novelty numbers put on by the whole club. Under the captaincy of Francis Dickens, graduate in law from Alberta, every member took part in waltzes, glides and novelty stunts. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Starky, fresh from their success at the Bank Winter Carnival, made the spectators gasp and then applaud with a thrilling series of difficult fancy skating feats. This voluntary offering on the part of the Glenora Skating Club was greatly appreciated by those from Varsity, and from several quarters came the query, afterwards, "Why can't we form a Fancy Skating Club of our own, and learn how to do those great stunts?" Nothing would be easier—provided only that the necessary enthusiasm is spread. It is known that there are several fancy skaters of no mean repute in the University, and the Dean of a certain faculty who is deeply interested in having a Varsity Club formed.

So keep the matter in mind, "studies," and when you see your chance, this season or early in the next, remember what you saw on Sunday, and come and learn to do likewise!

Varsity Center



R. K. BRYNILDSEN

"Bryn" is really a guard—that is, he plays his best game in that position. This year, however, he was called upon to step into center place on the Senior Men's Basketball team. Here, he has shown himself to be a good jumper, and a dangerous snag for enemy combination. He has also shared the scoring honors in Varsity's last two games. This blond athlete, with the god-like mien, will give the aliens quite a thrill when he steps into action on the floors of Sask. and Man., this week. Drop 'em in, Bryn!

CALGARY GRADS COMING MARCH 10

Varsity Girls Eagerly Await Coming Game—Are Out to Avenge Defeat

Basketball fans! It is actually going to happen! What? Why, this much-desired home game with the C.C.I. Grads of Calgary! Saturday, March 10th, will be the occasion: Varsity gym the place. Time will be announced later. Will it be worth watching, you ask? Just let us remind you that their victory over the Varsity girls two weeks ago is the only blot on their escutcheon this season, and that they are going to be avenged or die trying, and you can decide the question yourself—in the affirmative. Our team is going on the floor to win the best game of the year.

Beaten by the Grads after a very hard battle in which they held the upper hand for the first half of the game, the girls feel that they were at a great disadvantage in playing after a hard road trip, and that they can do the trick under fairer circumstances. Hence, they are hard at work under Hubby's careful coaching, with the approaching contest as their sole object. All that the team desires of its supporters is that every seat in the place shall be filled, and that they be helped to victory with a good display of high-powered rooting. On your metal, gang! Put a circle around March 10th, and tune up the old fog-horn!

MAT AND MITTS TO BE PUT AWAY

No Tournament This Season Due to Lack of Interest—Bad Precedent

For the first time in many years there is to be no Boxing and Wrestling Tournament. Although strenuous efforts were made this year to secure a satisfactory entry list, there were not enough applicants to make a tournament worth while this term. As a matter of fact, a total of three entries was received. Rather difficult to stage a tournament with that number of competitors, don't you think?

Like the apathy towards student government, the apathy towards boxing and wrestling is unexplainable. Many reasons have been offered, but none of them seems to be the correct one. This year promised to be a most successful one in the beginning, but from the drop of the hat the Boxing Club ran into many difficulties. There was the affair concerning the hiring of the coach; then there was the question of attendance credits; and lastly, the problem of getting anyone to turn out. After a long negotiation it was found impossible to get a coach. The attendance credit question was settled satisfactorily; no one took advantage of it.

As we prophesied last week, a fatal precedent has been set with the cancellation of the Tournament. The apparatus has been useless—for want of users; the budget appropriations will be diverted into more useful channels—and a smaller one, probably, granted to this club next year. Added to this will be the handicap of falling interest in affairs of the ring and mat. Ah! well, the thing is decided definitely for this year—there will be no Boxing and Wrestling Tournament.

SPORTING SLANTS

Whew! Five intervarsity clashes in one short week. We suspect that history has thus been made.

Disgraceful, if Varsity fails to win at least half of them. One has been lost already. Let's look to our laurels in the rest of 'em!

Even allowing that that goal was a fluke, girls, you didn't play as well as you did in that last game with the Monarchs! Try passing that puck without stopping every time!

Many of your shots never even reached the goal. Remedy—work closer in.

Remember, you've got to beat Saskatchewan! A victory is the only thing that will destroy the strong opinion arising against girls' hockey. Here's luck!

And luck, also, to the Senior basketball team. They'll certainly need it at Winnipeg.

No, we are not pessimistic—just looking at facts, that's all. Manitoba has a great team.

Attention, Manitoba! Lest you regard unfavorably our earlier objection to you playing those accountancy men, may we point out had we ourselves not stuck to the former ruling, one "Bat" Waines, provincial track champion, would have entered the Intervarsity Meet last Fall. Our scruples then meant a victory for you.

No boxing and wrestling tournament! Is this a sign of a changing attitude towards the manly art in this University? A bad implication has been cast.

We have a hunch that the water laurels are going to crown Alberta's brow on Saturday! Let's see you out-splash 'em, Varsity!

First Inter-Varsity Swim Meet Takes Place Saturday

Saskatchewan Sending Strong Team—Alberta's Competitors Look Good—Personnel and List of Events Below—Has Varsity Dark Horse?

On Saturday, March 3rd, at 8:15 o'clock, at the Y.W. pool, the big splash takes place. The occasion? Why, the first Inter-Varsity swimming meet when representatives from Saskatchewan will attempt to out-paddle the natators from Varsity. No definite word has been received from Saskatoon as to the personnel of the Green and White team, but rumour has it that it is strong. It is known that scholastic standing has taken a cut into the ranks of the Saskatchewan swimmers. Saskatchewan has adopted the same ruling in regard to athletics and academic standing as now prevails here: a student's record is based on that student's showing in the previous year's finals, and with

Freshmen on the showing on the first tests. It is said that the team of swimmers which will represent Saskatchewan is composed in the majority of Freshmen. If the first year men from the U. of S. are as good as Alberta's it promises to be a real meet. Academic standing has, however, taken away three of the Green and Gold's first year competitors, but the number who remain will most certainly be able to uphold the honour of their class and their University. The senior men on the team are well-known, and are sure to make it tough for Saskatchewan. Here are the list of competitors and events; let's go and watch them perform on the 3rd:

Thom—A freshman who knows what it is all about in the pool. He is one of the few swimmers in Edmonton who hold a first-class certificate. Came within two points of the individual championship at the recent meet.

McKechie—The fast man of the team. Learned his swimming at the coast, where they know how. Has had much experience in meets against Johnny Weismuller and other lesser lights.

Anderson—Another freshman who is a product of the Edmonton pools. A good man at the middle distance.

Dickson—A youth who swims the breast stroke and does it well.

Donald—Another speed artist. Will probably be McKechie's mate in the 50 yards.

Hill—We all know Bob. When in the pool diving is his strong point.

J. A. MacLean—A lad from the land of hula maidens, ukuleles, and swimmers. A shark at the breast stroke.

I. S. Macdonald—For three years individual champion of the intervarsity meets. An all-round swimmer specializing in the 220 and 100.

Miss K. McConkey—A holder of numerous provincial championships. Specializes in the 220, but is certainly no slouch in the 100 and 50.

Miss Q. Esdale—A first year nurse

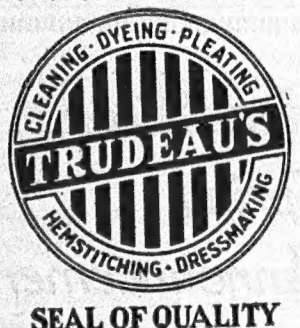
(Continued on Page Six)

Varsity Loses Playoff Series

"Y" Men Too Good for Green and Gold—Score 37-19—Penalties Galore

The Y.M.C.A. senior men's basketball team captured the northern provincial championship when they defeated the Varsity quintette 37-19 in a hectic game Saturday night. Incidentally they earned the right to meet Raymond for the Gillette cup, emblematic of the Alberta senior men's basketball championship. The game was rough all the way, and

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CANADIAN RUGBY

(EXTRACT FROM "REMINISCENCES OF THE 80's AND 90's.")

By E. A. Howes

"My first acquaintance with this game was during Normal days, and at first I confined my interest to attending an occasional practice of the Ottawas, not then known as Rough Riders. A friend from Toronto Varsity kept at me to go with him to these practices, but I did not get much out of the visits, and I was really more interested in my own "soccer" team. It may as well be confessed that my active participation in Rugby consisted in aggregate of just a few rough-and-tumble, catch-as-catch-can games, in one of which a perfectly satisfactory Celtic rose was given a side-elevation that is generally described as Roman. If I could not have been called a Rugby player, by any stretch of the imagination, I did earn the right to be considered a dyed-in-the-wool Rugby fan. During post-Normal years, I taught school about five miles south of the capital, and missed the irreducible minimum of senior league games.

The first game it was my luck to see was one between Ottawas and Kingston Granites, and I was quite enamoured of Wicky Wilson's great Tam-o-Shanter; that should very well set the period of my initiation. The next game I remember was one between Ottawa and Osgoode Hall, Eddie Gleeson playing with his college against his home team. By that time I knew a bit about the men of Rugby, and knowing that Gleeson was a general favourite in Ottawa, as indeed everywhere, I could not understand the action of a fairly large group near me, who were systematically shouting rather uncomplimentary remarks about this player.

The explanation came when an old gentleman sitting near me, got up and left our vicinity, with some rather forcible remarks about the mental status, as well as the ancestry, of the rooters in said group. It was Eddie's father that the young rascals had been baiting all the time. The argument closed when the old gentleman, who ran a meat store, told the leader of the gang, who had a sort of open-work face, to get some decent teeth in front of his head; and was met in rebuttal by the remark "That's not fair, Mr. Gleeson; I wore these out chewing your beef."

For some years, the Rugby I knew was so played, that the side in possession of the ball was not required to make a definite number of yards in three downs; therefore the side in possession hung to that ball like grim death, smothered it as we used to say, and often the only people who saw the ball for some time was a small group of players about the scrimmage. That, too, was the day of the "heel-out," when the centre scrummager was expected to heel out the ball placed in play by the quarter; often the quarter simply pushed the ball into the line and pulled it out again without sacrificing any time by letting it go. Then there was that wonderful performance of the "throw-in" when the ball went out of bounds; if anyone feels able to describe this play on paper, the job is his for the asking. Taken altogether, the game during those years placed great importance upon weight and brute strength—it was, of course, deemed advisable to have a couple of light and active backs who were able to kick and run and dodge, but only while the big fellows were getting their wind back. Old timers may not like this, but I have no hesitancy in saying that recent years have seen the advent of a more scientific game, and one that must give the spectators more to talk about.

When I think of the old style of game, I inevitably award the palm, or the cookie, or whatever it is, to that final game, in '00 I think it was, anyway it was between Ottawa Rough Riders and Argonauts, and was played inside a frame of snow, banked four feet high at least. Ottawa had a light but active back division, but, oh that line! Right and left of big Kennedy stretched a row of stalwarts, not only big, but looking fearfully grim and determined, so much so it will be remembered, that a Varsity scribe styled them "the men with the Captain Kid Kast of Countenance." Facing this line, Wright of the Argonauts, "ranked his merry men," only they did not look so merry at the time; for grim determination ran only second to their opponents. This line was not quite as heavy as that of the Rough Riders, but there was a heavier back division, with Percy Hardisty as centre-half.

What a game that was! Ottawa held possession most of the time, and slowly but surely rolled Argonauts down the field, but they never quite crossed the line. They would lose the ball near the posts, and then that lanky son of a Hudson Bay factor would punt so far that it seemed as if it would save time to get another ball. Up the field would race those two lines, giving a realistic demonstration of The Thundering Herd. Probably Johnnie Power would have the ball by this time, and he would run right through the big fellows, but never for that day did he get further; then the log-rolling would start all over again.

Twice Hardisty, the longest punter the game has ever seen, managed to kick to the dead line, and so won the game. He and I often play that game over of late years, and he likes to recall how one Ottawa paper described him as "the man with a reach like a derrick." I would not attempt to recite all the names I used to call

ORIGINALITY

By N.

Until the coming of the so-called efficiency of the modern world, one was provided with an almost endless number of friends or acquaintances who were original or different in thought or action to one's self. This was possible because people were more individual—their education was perhaps obtained in a manner different to your own, or isolation due to less thickly populated cities resulted in development of originality. Lack of sophistication in circles other than the highest was another reason for differences in character.

Today, democracy, sophistication, schools and colleges, and newspapers, have changed everything. Democracy resulted in exchange and adoption of ideas by all classes and nations. The birth of public schools, and university education for those who want it, furthered standardization of thought, speech and action. Teachers and professors who lacked originality produced students of the same calibre. Research work has helped somewhat in encouraging thinking along new lines, but few of our diversion-seeking fellows have the inclination for the labor entailed. No doubt democracy and development of educational projects were movements of great value to civilization, but they destroyed much of the variety which is the "spice of life." Perhaps our simple minds were more easily amused in other days. Sophistication has resulted in a superior, complex mind which is not moved to mirth or emotion by the things or sayings which once would have amused, bewildered or shocked us.

The growth of cities and the rise of newspapers and high-powered advertising brought men into closer touch with the ideas of their fellows. These ideas were absorbed quickly—too much so. The result is a lack of new thought or methods—we have a surfeit of the ancient and are suffering so greatly from mental indigestion that we cannot see our way to change the order of things.

Fads and entertainments have lost their old appeal. It is true that the fad is still existent, but mostly because we are ruled by designers and social leaders rather than that we love the fad for its own sake. Entertainments pall, even the best, unless there is originality displayed, which is very seldom the case.

We seek originality; we are ready to pay highly for it, yet rarely can we obtain it at any price. War and crime, to the normal person of a few years ago, were things to be avoided; today they provide, except for the more hardened of us, thrills to be obtained in no other way. Small wonder, then, that many people of the modern world go to extremes to find "something new."

Examination Thoughts

By C.

Let me see—six questions, and we have to answer four—not so bad. This one, I can do, and number four looks easy. I can make a try any way, and I might be able to do that one about molecular weights. Hope my pen doesn't go dry. Let's see—that's three—Dr. Makemurk said we should decide what we were going to do before we started. I have to get one more—now number five—Somebody's hypothesis, but there are so many hypotheses I might get 'em mixed. Funny! That girl in the red dress looks so dumb and she's writing like fury. No, I don't think I'll try number five—too risky. Number three isn't bad. I know I can do half of it, but the other half I can't look at. Perhaps if I tried number five I might be lucky; it seems like that hypothesis in the first chapter—still I don't know. Oh hang, why didn't I memorize those things. I

him. However, when a real duet of Old Time Stuff in Sport has to be staged, I take on Billy Power, one of the great Rugby and Lacrosse men of Ottawa in the period I am trying to describe; we do not shoulder the crutch as did Goldsmith's old timer, for we are not near that stage yet, but we do most certainly "show how fields were won."

The Rugby games out of which we secured the greatest thrill were between Rough Riders and Ottawa College, Ottawa representatives in two leagues, that twice played off with each other for the Dominion championship. Feeling ran high, but was generally kept within reasonable bounds by the saving grace of common sense. Prejudice is not always subject to explanation. The tension in Ottawa was often unreasonable; you could feel it in the air, when Cameron-Kennedy-Buckham faced the famous College trio, Clancy-Boucher-McCreedy, and we waited for the first whistle. Many will remember the wailing cry from the lower-town rooters, "Castonguay! Heat de ball!"

There were few players on those teams who could not be called stars, but it would take too long to discuss them in detail. I should, however, like to speak again of Eddie Gleeson, the great College half; not to recall his skill and his knowledge of applied psychology, but for an altogether different reason. As I picture him playing, I see a slim, comparatively frail young fellow, sifting about here and there, right in the midst of strenuous combat, but seldom, if ever, getting hurt. It is true he did not inspire grudges, but that would not have been looked upon as safety insurance at the times. Rightly or wrongly, I have figured that he had almost a sixth sense, one of location. Red Grange seems to have it, although I must admit I have never seen him in action. A young man, not so long ago, at our University, was conspicuous for the same reason. He was anything but rugged of physique. Moreover, he was afflicted with a certain disability, yet he was always in the thickest of every tangle, and apparently escaped without injury. Consider this sense of direction as applied to Rugby the next time a bat gets inside the house."

THE HOPE OF YOUTH

By Lerov

Sunday night. The student, tired by hours of study, disillusioned of fair dreams by a week of hurrying hither and thither, by prosaic lectures, by the strident cacophony of gregarious life itself, by cares which his laughter disguises even from his friends, strolls away from residence, down past the Arts building, and slowly nears the river bank.

The night is clear and still. The stars, like "patines of deep gold," sparkle down from a sea of purple dusk. The wanderer pauses at the rail overlooking the sleeping city. Then gradually, calm settles over the turbulent spirit of the quiet watcher. He looks and listens. The great bridge, only a few hours ago a mammoth hulk of steel, is now a fairy superstructure on a base of mysterious darkness. The electric car, so recently a mere dirty, noisy conveyance, glides now across the river, only its lights visible, making it seem a behemoth of fire. Across the river, the city, so shortly ago a harshly be-streeted conglomerate, rises out of the dusk of night in airy, arabesque lines, as if to join the purple of the skies. The trees below, once bare and rough and brown, rustling whisper to the world the mysteries of the night. And the erstwhile harsh roar of the city is now a melodious monotone of hope and love and youth.

Then—suddenly—a shrieking monster bursts into this rhapsody of beauty. The youth starts. What discordant note is this which enters into a world so beautiful? Then he wakes to life, and the monster's baleful eyes are but the lights of a motor car; soon it is gone. But the dream remains. The dreamer turns homeward. And now even a laughing chorus of late-returning students cannot dispel the conviction that dreams are fair, that hope is truth, that life is beauty.

knew we would be asked for one of them. Wonder how I did in that Latin this morning. I couldn't get that poetry at all. The sight looked easy, but I didn't have time to start it. What's that? Somebody's out of paper already! I'd better be getting started. Wish I had brought a bottle of ink with him; wonder how much he thought he was going to write. Well, I know what ones I want to do now—I had better start. That girl in the red is still writing. I wonder whether she really knows anything, or is she just trying to put up a bluff by writing a lot—bet she gets muddled. It doesn't pay to start right in like that—she should have taken some time to plan her answers. Now I had better do the one I know best first—no, I'll do the problem and get it over—there, that's that, hope it's right. I'll go over it if I have time. Didn't think it would take so long, though, only twenty minutes left. Well, now I had better do number five—no, that's the one I wasn't sure about—number two should be next—no, four might be shorter. What did he say? Only five minutes left? And I have just two done. Oh, well, that should be fifty anyway. I'll just go over the problem. Funny how that boy's pen scratches; wonder if he notices it—hand in our papers? And I just see where my problem is wrong; it would never have worked out the way I did it. Too bad! If I had only had time I would have done well on that paper!

ON SKATING

By K.

The crow has wings to glide on;
The fish has fins its side on;
So they find that Nature's kind:
But we've no skates to slide on;
Thus by gum! old Nature's dumb.
(Old Play.)

Canada is the home of skating. This fact is quite evident to any that care to keep their eyes open with a view to proving the statement. Look at the crowd to be seen around a hockey game; this is undoubtedly proof that we are all skaters, just as the crowd around Colonel Campbell's car is proof that we are all automobile racers. Or look at any tree loaded with gifts at Christmas time; it is pulled over and made lop-sided by the skates hanging on it. Look again at the number of skates in a well-regulated family; every member



Demand or Commerce Students

The news comes that several government positions are open to university graduates, preferably of the School of Commerce.—McGill Daily.

A Good Health Record

The Cleveland Junior Teachers' College is very proud of the physical record of their last graduating class. The majority of the girls have attained their standard weight while at the College.—Junior College Journal.

The University of Manitoba Glee Club's presentation of "The Mikado" was enthusiastically received.—The Manitoban.

Course in Chinese

Harvard University and Yenching University, in Peking, China, are forming a union of graduate study, by which an institute of Chinese students will be added to both institutions, and an exchange of graduate students inaugurated.—Tech.

A trio of Maritime debaters defeated Saskatchewan debaters here Tuesday night, gaining the unanimous decision of the judges by their arguments opposing the resolution: "Resolved that sport is carried to excess in Canadian University life." Mr. Bryce MacKenzie, opening the debate for the affirmative, defined the primary aim of a university education as intellectual development along some particular line of study. Sport, he quoted from the Oxford dictionary, included amusement, diversion, amorous dalliance and athletic sport. Then he stated that "carrying to excess," implied passing moderate limits of value.—The Sheaf.

The larger universities in Great Britain each send to parliament a member elected intra-murally. The most famous university M.P. in Great Britain is John Buchan, who has already proved his superior ability in administration. Why shouldn't the Canadian universities likewise have members in the Canadian House?—McGill Daily.

beauty of countenance, strength of limb, or any such thing, but will be the excellence of the skates as to narrowness, curve, capability of re-sharpening, and similar points.

The possibilities of such a growth are enormous. What a saving in rubbers, shoes, socks and so forth! What a task for those who should attempt to knit socks for the soldiers who, in former countries, could not use their skates! What natural spurs for equestrians! Consider, too, the impossibility of stepping on any one's toes in the happy era to come. And what a saving there would be in rocking chairs and baby cradles; for those desiring such could have their skates filed round fore and aft, and rock to their heart's content. These are only a few suggestions; the actual possession of the instruments as here imagined only would undoubtedly lead to more highly ingenious uses to which they might be put.

Let us look at another aspect of this. No matter how skilful the users of the natural skates might become in their manipulation, it is not to be expected that they would be as adept on them as on their old style of feet. Even we Canadians do not have skates on today for more than one-twentieth of our waking life; yet all of us have fallen on skates over twenty times more often than we have off them. We may therefore suppose that the happy owners of the natural skates will be subject to frequent falls.

Again these accidents Nature is bound to make some provision. What form will it take?

I see two possible answers to this question. The first is that it will remove all possible weight from our head, and load down our lower extremities with the heavier portions of our bodies, at the same time rounding us off at about the knees with a gentle slope, so that we may look like a Woolworth's salt cellar, and regain our balance in the same manner as it does. The other possibility is that our arms will lengthen exactly enough to touch the ground on each side, by which means we shall be able to sustain our equilibrium in the same manner as does a grown man learning to ride on a small boy's bicycle.

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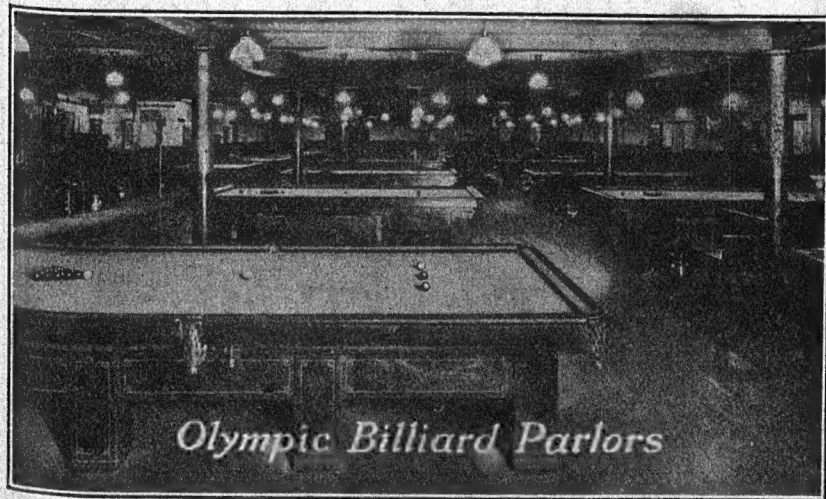
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SHORT COURSE FOR FARMERS NOW OVER

Dean Kerr Says First Agricultural Short Course Complete Success

The Agricultural Short Course, which was held in Convocation Hall from January 24 to February 3 under the direction of Dean E. A. Howes, of the Faculty of Agriculture, was extremely successful.

Lectures were given in Animal Husbandry, Field Crops, Soils, Dairying, Economics and several other subjects. The course also included special lectures by Mr. A. E. Ottewill, of the Extension Department, and Mr. J. W. Stephen, Crops Commissioner, while addresses were given by Premier Brownlee and Hon. Perren Baker.

A total enrolment of one hundred and forty-three members was reached, some of the members of the Legislature being among those who attended.

The special students of the Agricultural Short Course were given a banquet on the night of Wednesday, February 1st, upon which occasion they were addressed by President Tory. Representatives of the class, expressing their opinion, spoke eloquently of the success of this, the University's first attempt at such a course.

At the conclusion of the course, the present of a painting as a souvenir came as a very pleasant surprise to the members of the staff who had taken part.

Speaking to a representative of The Gateway, Dean Howes said of the course: "I should like to pay tribute to the splendid attitude of the members of the Faculty and the assistance given us by many of our students, and the kindly courtesy shown to our visitors by the whole of our student body. I feel that all these factors combined to make a very good impression on the minds of our Short Course students in regard to the spirit of our institution."

WAUNEITAS BIRDS OF MANY FEATHERS

Number of Gorgeous Costumes Seen at Annual Masquerade of Co-eds

Dear old Convocation, scene of our joys and sorrows, beheld a keen party on Tuesday night, when the Wauneitas threw their annual masquerade. The features of the evening were Mary Lehman being statuesque as 1905, and Helen McCaig being—well, I can't think of any words to describe how divinely ludicrous was Oscar the Sheik. Ask any of the law faculty. They were gazing in the doorway, and they should know.

Mona Nichols made a gorgeous Romeo—a Romeo of the calm pre-Juliet era. Those who admire Hazel Marie as a Titan blonde should see her as a brunette—even Confucius would take notice. Mary Ross was beautiful in Barcelona, and Mae Massey made a hot Tamale. There were enough orientals to fill several harems, and pirates galore—at least as many as are usually associated with a dead man's chest.

The grand and glorious thing about Wauneita parties is their positive proof that co-eds can have a jolly good time when Ed is nowhere about. Relieved of the necessity of being sweet and maidenly for masculine approval, they unanimously discard Hokum and Bunk. The most dignified toss discretion to the winds and cavort. The most fragile clinging vines blossom out in devilish moustachios, and high boots.

Male opinion to the contrary, it was a splendid dance. The music was peppy, the food excellent. Congratulations are in order to the executive. They done noble.

HOOP MEN OFF ON LONG TRIP

Play at Saskatchewan Tonight—Manitoba Saturday

'Twas a grim and determined bunch of basketball men who boarded the train for Saskatoon last night. They are going into the game this evening with a great desire to win. A victory is the only thing that will suffice to remove the bitter taste of the last three games they have played—and lost.

Yes, "games" they were called, but none of the players on either side regarded them as such. Feeling ran high, victory was dear to both, to the exclusion of real basketball or love of the sport.

It will be remembered by the fans that at the start of the hoop season this year, Varsity gave two sterling exhibitions of the game, rising to actual brilliance at times. We refer to the games with the 49th and the Old Timers, both Varsity victories. In them the Green and Gold showed true team spirit, a brand of combination unsurpassed in any previous years, with plenty of good men to keep up a fast, steady pace. And then came the series just completed—disastrously. A bad feeling started which could not be quelled. On the exhibition put up by both teams, the winners were worth their win—but the Varsity team which met defeat was not that of those first two games.

In the last week, however, with the dark shadow of the playoffs behind them, the hoop lads realized their position. They were in no shape to compete with other universities. With a will they set out to win back a little of their old form—and with success. Combination that is such has been revived again. The defense, never weak, has striven to eliminate penalty-producing tactics while keeping its many good points. If the team is weak in any definite point, it is in condition, which has not been at all good this season. However, Saskatchewan is to be the occasion of the reorganized team's first trial, and the locals are out to win. Here's wishing them luck and a good trip, and may all their old form and finish display itself upon the floors of Saskatchewan and Manitoba!

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STUDENT GOVERNMENT

By Wesley Oke, President of the Students' Union

The Union at its last meeting did not feel able to decide whether its present system of government is satisfactory or not. It asked for time to consider the matter at greater length. The Council was criticized in that it did not have a new system worked out in detail and ready for submission. And yet the Union did not even know whether a change was desired or not, much less prove willing to discuss the details of a new scheme. The resolution submitted asked the Union to record that, in its opinion, the present system is no longer suitable to us, and asked to have a committee elected to work out the details of a representative system. But even this was tabled.

The Editor has asked me to review the situation. I dislike going over ground that has been covered so often in The Gateway at various times and discussed time and again, officially and unofficially. However, if the student body does not understand the weakness in our system, this should be outlined.

Our government might be called direct democracy. The power that is delegated to us rests with the students assembled in mass, the Students' Union. The system was instituted when the University was much smaller than it is now, when we had a student body of about three hundred. At that time with fewer faculties, fewer buildings, fewer students, Student Union meetings were practicable. Now with an enrolment approaching the thousand, the situation is changed. The student body is too large, too diverse in character, too scattered to be expected to meet in toto. And even our union quorum of eighty is rather a ridiculous number to legislate directly for more than ten times that many. If such a body as this eighty, even, were chosen as representatives, the situation would be entirely different.

We need, therefore, a system of representative government. The representation may be based on faculty divisions, year divisions, or on the undivided student group. It is important that the basis of representation be such as will give as many as possible of the various shades of opinion an adequate opportunity for expression. The details of election formality, powers and duties of representatives, composition of an assembly, these are not so vital and can be arranged.

Student Union meetings have been steadily dwindling for four years, at

least. They were formerly held once a month or oftener, then the constitution was changed so that only two were required per year. When the Union had good and popular speakers, or when a question of considerable interest was in the air, the students attended the meetings. But they have long been unwilling to spend much time discussing matters of routine government, if indeed they ever were. About all the interest that the students as a whole generate in any one year will be necessary to make a decent election possible. When that is done it is well to relieve them of further responsibility. If they wish, they may follow his majesty's government deliberations in the representative council, the meetings of which should be public. And mass meetings are permissible at any time should a sufficient number feel radically awakened. Which is a remote possibility.

A special meeting of the Union has been called for Friday, March 9, at 4:30. Any persons who have resolutions to propose or suggestions to make kindly see that they are available for publication in the issue of The Gateway that appears the day previous. And be prepared to support them on Friday.

BELLE CAUSERIE PAR DR. KERR AU CERCLE

Marguerite de Navarre sujet d'une des plus intéressantes causeries de l'année

Marguerite de Navarre a été le sujet d'une des plus intéressantes causeries données au Cercle Français cette année; Monsieur le Doyen de la Faculté des Arts était au programme et il va sans dire qu'il s'est acquitté de sa charge d'une manière tout à fait brillante: d'abord son français était parfait et la conférence très intéressante tant au point de vue littéraire qu'historique.

Dean Kerr est un admirateur de l'époque de la Renaissance de l'esprit français; ce n'est pas étonnant qu'il parle si bien de celle qui fut la "femme la plus importante de la Renaissance."

Le charmant causeur parla de la vie de Marguerite; sa jeunesse se passe à étudier le latin, le grec, l'italien, l'espagnol, l'hébreu, les mathématiques, l'histoire, la philosophie.

Elle se marie deux fois; son premier mari Charles d'Alençon ne la rend pas heureuse parce qu'il ne comprend pas; le second, le petit Roi de Navarre semble mieux apprécier les qualités de la sœur de François I de France; leur château de Nérac est le rendez-vous du monde intellectuel de la France du temps.

Marguerite de Navarre fut, on peut le dire, l'âme de la Renaissance Française, c'est son plus beau titre de gloire. La principale oeuvre de Marguerite fut la fondation du Collège de France, une des centres intellectuels de la France; elle laissa aussi une oeuvre littéraire qui est le carnet mondain de la société dont elle était la reine; elle mourut en quinze cent quarante neuf après avoir été pendant vingt ans la reine du monde intellectuel de la France au début de la Renaissance.

Dean Kerr a fait revivre une des plus grandes figures féminines de la France; il a montré qu'une femme peut fort bien exercer son influence sans aller se pavaner sur les tribunes électorales; il s'est montré un profond admirateur pour le pays qui l'a si justement nommé "Officier de l'instruction publique" il y a quelques années.

Monsieur de Savoye remercia le conférencier au nom des membres du Cercle Français et son petit discours fut digne de la causerie et du causeur.

Monsieur le docteur Sonet présenta ensuite M. MacDonald, de l'Université de Saskatchewan, chef du département de français à l'Université sœur.

Monsieur MacDonald félicita d'abord le Conférencier et les membres du Cercle Français du magnifique travail qu'ils faisaient; puis il fit un magnifique appel en faveur de la langue française qui est la langue d'un tiers de la population du Canada; c'est un devoir national pour tout Canadien, dit-il. Les élèves jouèrent "à la charade" et représentèrent plusieurs scènes de la vie universitaire; le tout ne manqua pas d'originalité et amusa fort l'assistance.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

The third annual Literary Supplement to The Gateway will appear at the same time as the last regular issue, that is, on March 22nd. The editors in charge of this year's Supplement are Molly Grant and Emily Horricks.

For the benefit of the new students of the year, it may be explained that the Literary Supplement consists entirely of feature articles. These include poems, skits, stories, plays and essays. It is published once a year by The Gateway.

While the editors have asked certain students to write for the Supplement, they will be glad, they wish to state, to accept contributions from any one who may desire to offer a manuscript. If judged to be of a sufficiently high quality these will appear in the Supplement. All contributions must be handed in to either of the two editors, or left in The Gateway office within two weeks from today.

SPRING PLAY PUT OFF TILL MARCH 22

Cast For "He Who Gets Slapped" Is Definitely Decided On

After some delay, due to an unfortunate clash of dates, work is again progressing on the spring play, "He Who Gets Slapped." It will be presented in Convocation Hall on Thursday and Friday, March 22 and 23. The additional time thus gained will result in an even more finished production. The play is a very difficult one, and the business of handling such a large cast is no mean undertaking. The cast is indeed fortunate to enjoy the advantage of the long experience and consummate ability of Mrs. Elizabeth Sterling Haynes, the director.

Russian drama requires above all an understanding and interpretative type of mind in both reading and producing. In this play of Andrejev's, behind the vivid and colorful action, lies a distinct element of symbolism. It is not obtrusive; merely touched in here and there. The difficulty of the play lies not only in its quick and vivid action, but also in the interpretation of the symbolic element. This sort of thing may well try the mettle of professional actors, and to some it may seem presumption for university students to attempt it. Be that as it may, the play is under way and shows all signs of being a complete success. Many persons throughout the city have expressed their interest in the undertaking.

Some delay, too, was caused by the fact that some members of the original cast were excluded on their failure to meet the standards of the committee on scholastic standing. They have been replaced. The cast now reads:

"He" E. Gibbs
Mancini E. M. Jones
Briquet L. Maurice
Consuelo Mona McLeod
Zinida Elsie Young
The Baron W. R. Salt
The Gentleman H. Morrison
Bezano J. Farrell
Jackson E. Dutton
Tilly V. Gowan
Polly W. Hancock
Angelica Margaret Roseborough
Thomas D. MacKenzie

Costumes and sets are being made to order, which gives opportunity for that unity of conception and design found only in first-class productions. The Dramatic Society is relying upon the student body for its wholehearted support, without which undertakings such as this are impossible.

MED CLUB ELECTIONS

The Medical Club elections will be held on Friday afternoon, March 2, from 2 to 5 in the Med Common Room.

The nominations are as follows:

President: N. E. Alexander, A. C. McCugan, F. Cain.
Vice-President: F. D. Johnston, Anna Wilson.
Secretary-Treasurer: W. Boyd, D. Murphy.
Sixth Year Representative: G. C. Cameron, Miss Viola Rae.
Fifth Year Representative: C. W. Stephens (acclamation).
Fourth Year Representative: B. J. Barnett, J. W. Vosburgh.
Third Year Representative: M. L. Dumouchel, A. C. Boyce.

MUSICAL SERVICE

The Sunday Service Committee takes this opportunity of announcing a Musical Service for Sunday, March 4th, at 11 a.m., in Convocation Hall.

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CO-EDS LOSE TO MANITOBA GIRLS

Score One-Nothing—Dot Sproule Stars for Varsity

When Dot Stevenson of Manitoba slid the puck past Fran MacMillan in the dying moments of the third period, it gave the Brown and Gold sextet a one to nothing victory over Alberta's best. For the benefit of those who don't know, it happened on last Monday night at the Varsity rink, when the co-ed hockeyists from Manitoba clashed the hickory with the local Bo-Peeps. Opinions on the game varied: some said it was a good game of girl's hockey, others claimed that they had been robbed of their two-bits, but all factions agreed that the game wasn't hard to watch. This girl Dot Stevenson was the pick of the visitors (ask Pete Lessard), and it was she who caused Alberta's downfall last year. We must not forget Bessie Pickersgill, at defence or centre, who was the prettiest stick-handler on the ice. What about our own girls? Well, it was only hard luck that lost them the game; the breaks were not with them. Fran MacMillan, Helen Higgs, and Dot Sproule were the shining lights for the locals. The Green and Gold had better combination, but lacked effectiveness around the goal; Manitoba's representatives were better individually and much more dangerous around the nets.

"D.P." MacDonald refereed, and behaved like a gentleman.

The lineups:

Manitoba—Edith Thompson, goal; Bessie Pickersgill, Lila Unkauf, defence; Edith Muirhead, Dot Stevenson, Dorothy Caldwell, Mona Best, Irene Scarth, forwards.

Alberta—Fran MacMillan, goal; Cal Ross, Mary Scofield, defence; Dot Sproule, Betty Mahaffy, Kay Burgess, Kae Craig, Helen Higgs, Kae Campbell, forwards.

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